

The Stars and Stripes

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YOU WANT TO GO HOME

When you are out on guard on the border of No Man's Land and they've left you alone with your thoughts and the darkness, you conjure up a vision of Main Street in your home town and perhaps you tell yourself that you would give everything you own in the world—Liberty bonds and all—just for a berth on the next ship sailing for America. But would you? Would you really?

You want to go back to New York. You want to see Fifth Avenue all shining in the morning sun and to push your way through the great, jostling, good-natured crowd that ebbs about Times Square. You want a long, lazy afternoon up at the Polo Grounds, a plate of wheats at Child's, a comfortable seat at the Palace, where you can settle back and smoke and listen to good, old, noisy Nora Hayes. Good Lord, how you want to go back.

But not now. The home-town of your dreams is the home-town as it was and as it will be once again, but not as it is today. Today, and just so long as this war lasts, you could not spend a single happy hour within its gates. No man could. The man who would willingly hug Broadway while the heart of the world beats in France is a man who would stay in bed on election day and who would sneak off to Coney in the hour of a Lincoln's funeral.

You want to go back home. There are no words to tell how much you want to go back home. But not till this war is over. Not till this job is done.

JUST PLAIN GRUB

We are getting whole wheat bread, the kind that makes muscle and bone and sinew. It is one of the most important components in a fighting man's makeup. It gets to us pretty regularly and is distributed pretty freely. But just because it is plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have had to put up with corn pone and rye bread in order that it might be spared for us.

We also get meat—good big chunks of beef and slabs of bacon and the rest—right along, rich in the fats which are so indispensable to our building up. But just because it is plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have instituted meatless days in order that we might have it.

So it is with all the rest of the food that is handed out to us. In every case, our gain has come through careful saving by the people at home. We owe it to them—as well as to our own sense of self-respect—to see that it is not wasted or thrown away. And this is meant for the ultimate consumer just as much as for the mess sergeant and the cook.

THE PHONETTES

They're here and there. They say "seventy-five" instead of "sixty-five," as the French ones do. They say "Hold the wire" instead of "Attendez un moment." "General Pershing" instead of "le Général Pershing," and "THAIN-KEW" instead of "MAIRIESE." In short, it seems like home to hear them talking over the wires.

The original 33 of the phonettes' Expeditionary Forces have made good on their jobs. Equally at home in French and English, they juggle the two languages about with marvelous dexterity, and all without disturbing a back comb. Their work is important work. We wonder how we got along without them all this time.

But, best of all, they never say, "A dollar and a half extra, please." You talked with the young lady for three-quarters of an hour overtime. In the first place, they attend to calls on Army business only. In the second, there aren't any dollar and a half in France. So they haven't a chance to deliver that irritating message of bygone days. Our relations are wholly pleasant. We thank them.

THE NAVY'S ARMY

Of all the arms of our national services now fighting in France the least understood in the popular mind is the Marine Corps. The Marine are not the Army men. Neither are they the sailors. They are not infantrymen, cavalrymen, military policemen, aviators, engineers, signalmen nor in the Q. M. Yet they are trained and equipped to act in all of these special capacities, occasionally adding to the list some of the duties of the sailor, such as splicing a rope, manning a ship's gun or pulling an oar.

Back home they used to wear a dress uniform, their dearly prized "sea-going blues," which reflected the variety of their work jacket of true navy blue, but with chevrons of yellow, like a cavalryman's; trousers of infantry shade, but with stripes of red like an artilleryman's. The one mark of naval service that they carried to France when they came across in forest green campaign uniforms was the old marine cap emblem—the eagle, globe and anchor. All this may seem a bit puzzling, but there is available a handy short cut to a clear understanding of the status of the

Marine Corps. Simply describe it as "the Navy's Army." As official orders put it, the Marines in France are "detached for service with the Army by order of the President." They are a section of a complete little mobile army which forms about one-sixth of the personnel of the United States Navy.

The body of Marines attached to the A.E.F. probably are fighting farther from the seaboard than any contingent of "leathernecks" in our country's history. That they are serving faithfully, so far from their old haunts, is proven by praise from the highest source. General Pershing, at a recent review, paid them the compliment of declaring that he wished he had half a million of them. A generous tribute, which the Marines will long and gratefully remember.

DON'T "BETTER YOURSELF"

One of the saddest figures in Army life is the high-spirited youngster who, with beating heart and head erect, makes for the nearest recruiting station, offers his all to his country, and then 24 hours after reaching camp hears the whisper, "Better yourself," and starts on a career of self-seeking sycophancy.

He has been infected, and it is an infection that spreads. Probably it spreads the more rapidly in our Army just because advancement in America has been so splendidly open to the humblest citizen, because we have all heard the get-ahead gospel since childhood, because each and every one of us started out with the notion that he stood a fair chance of being President some fine day.

The Kaiser has no great cause to fear the major who, on the first day of his majority, says to himself, "Now, how soon can I become a lieutenant colonel?" instead of "O Lord, help me to shoulder this new responsibility."

A real scholar has no time to think about promotion. He does his job for all he is worth and takes what ranks come along.

The young lieutenant who, instead of bending all his wits to see how much work he can get done every 24 hours, spends all his time scheming for a captaincy, is a pretty poor lieutenant and would make a pretty poor captain. He is like the dough-boy whose rifle is never clean except for inspection. He does everything for show, and there is no health in him. He really belongs on kitchen police, although that would be hard on the cooks.

Don't "better yourself." Better the Army.

WHOOPIING IT UP

"Dilly-dallying Congressional investigations probably are resulting in some good and much delay, but they undoubtedly set forth the fact that ships are coming to meet the need, that the War Department has effectively accomplished a tremendous task, that the Navy justly deserves immense credit, that things on the whole are striding forward, and that, despite comparatively inconsequential maladjustments, critics and kickers and growlers who clasp their hands in delight at the seeming partisan achievement in some trivial disclosure are, as a matter of fact, about the most unpopulous people over here."

This extract from a personal letter proves that things back home are not only moving, but gathering momentum. And slow-moving bodies that get up sufficient momentum are hard to stop. The "critics and kickers and growlers" seem to be finding it out, too.

Sack folks apparently don't stand in any better at home nowadays than they do in the A.E.F.

GETTING INTO THE GAME

The knell of "informal" athletics seems to have been sounded by the decision of the Board of Athletic Control of Princeton University. Princeton is coming back in all branches of intercollegiate sports, coming back strong in good old anti-bellum style. But it will cut down expenses, because the war is certain to cut down receipts.

We of the A.E.F. aren't all college men, but we all like to follow college sports pretty nearly as much as we do big league ball. And we know that every college player can't get to France, that the President himself has urged students to stick to their books—when they get their diplomas, they can then (if we've left any Boches for them) get their guns and come across.

But until they come, let them stick to the old athletic program we loved to follow. If we're here this fall we want to anticipate for weeks ahead the outcome of the Harvard-Yale, Penn-Cornell, Kansas-Nebraska, Washington-California and Army-Navy games. And when the games have been won and lost, we want to know that they were the old time blood-and-iron variety of football, played by regulars, not by "informal" teams whose members aren't to be awarded their letters.

1848

Seventy years ago Germany tried to have a revolution. Its fate was the natural fate of any uprising in a country whose government includes a powerful mechanism for the very purpose of suppressing the slightest manifestation of an organized popular will. But the failure proved that even a people who are not adept at rebellion can attempt to take affairs into their own hands once they see the certain justice of their cause.

When Russia threw off the shackles of Czarism, the world began to look toward Germany. Revolutions usually move in groups—they did in '48—and it might happen again. And there are already signs within the German Empire that point to something more portentous than dissatisfaction grudgingly endured.

But whatever way they point, there is a German revolution going on outside Germany of which the world has perhaps taken too little account. Many a German name in the A.E.F. has been handed down by a son of '48 who fled the Fatherland to seek liberty overseas. The vision of a free Germany was always before the eyes of the men of '48; they died with it before them, some of them between '61 and '63. But the grandsons of many of them, thoroughly American, are now American soldiers, fighting for the fulfillment of that same vision. Kaiserism knows they are here, and Kaiserism feels no whit more secure for knowing it.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND

FLORENCE
Florence, how I used to kid you
Just as regular as a clock.
When I used to say the lid you
Wore was not a pretty thing!

How my habit was to spoof you
For affecting such a style
That the gear that used to roof you
Brought the wide satiric smile!

How I hurled my mighty humor
At your bonnets red and black!
Little dreaming it a boomer-
Ang to hit the slinger back.

So, as we say here, O di mi!
Though I miss you greatly, Flo,
Gosh, I'm glad you can't see me
In my overdone chapeau!

Speculating on how devotees of various sports have turned out for war duty, the Sport Page believes that "Lennis would stand high in the list and an unexpected contender for first honors might be cricket." This idea is suggested by the fact that the Western Massachusetts Cricket League boasts that no less than 25 per cent of its players have volunteered for war service. Well, 25 per cent isn't bad. But of those ranked in the First Ten in tennis in 1916—there was no official ranking in 1917—nine are in various branches of the service. The other (the ranked No. 5) is Mr. Ichiji Kuniyama, of Japan.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

***Pet. of _____ of _____ spent _____ day in _____.

***Quite a little rain here and hereabouts last week.

***We had our first casualty last wk., our fountain pen falling on the floor and getting out of kilter. Same, however, has been repaired.

***The Paderewski, the wk. pianist has been commissioned a Col. by the Pres. Ataboz, 12, say we.

***News are scarce this week.

Just how far the long-range gun can shoot is a matter of speculation. Which means, in the Army, that it is the subject of endless debate and argument. It brings to mind the old baseball sketch that Weber and Fields pulled—Heavens, can it be?—22 years ago. "I know a man," Fields used to say, "who can throw a ball five thousand yards." "It's impossible," was Weber's comment. "It's possible," Fields would say. "I saw it myself. My brother throws a ball five thousand yards." "Oh, well," Weber used to say, sticking out his red-vested stomach, "he could do it."

THE CHEMICAL CORPS

They get no song to boost 'em along, they get no words of cheer;

For what they do is a job so new some of us don't know they're here;

But they work away in the lab all day to help us win the war;

Let's not forget we owe a debt to the men of the Chemical Corps.

For it's HCl to give 'em hell, and H2SO4 (C2O) and TNT—the men of the chemical Corps!

It's a shame, perhaps, to kid the overseas cap; but it's a shame not to.

BLESS HIM!
A bloke we like
Is Charlie Handy;
He always gives
Us half his candy.

Dear Post—

What is the thing you say when some gazabe sneaks up on you unsuspecting like a flasher a pie of his best girl or his kids with an "Oh, boy! whaddya think of that, hey?"

"This is my pet peeve, as I'm a hum liar, and when a guy flashes the map of some dreamy-eyed weeping willow on me, or that of some kid, I haven't the heart to tell him the truth, so I just stand around and stammer and let her go at that. Please ship me some stereotyped phrases that I can slip such birds without losing my standing.

BUCK.

FOR GIRLS

1. "I didn't know you knew Theda Bara."

2. "How could such a lovely girl waste her time on a guy like you?"

3. "She's just what you deserve."

4. "She's only what you deserve."

5. "I'll bet it doesn't do her justice."

6. "She ain't too thin, she ain't too fat; I'd give my life for a girl like that."

FOR KIDS

1. "Tough luck. They look like their pa."

2. "Thorny! They look like their mother."

3. "What a beautiful looking child!"

4. "What an intelligent looking child!"

5. "What a healthy looking child!"

6. "What a mischievous looking child!"

With a judicious use of the preceding, Buck, you can't go far wrong. If anybody has any other reservable, rapid-firing comebacks, shoot 'em along.

This department, by orders as well as desire, is on the well-known water cannon for the duration of the equally celebrated war. Which, however, is no reason to suppress the news that, according to the *Harvard*, "Miss Frederica Hennessy has left for Cognac."

It is the whimsical notion of the sport, ed. that the preceding giggle should appear in our three-star edition.

THINGS WE USED TO REEF ABOUT. 11.

The loquaciousness of the American barber.

Germany is soaps. The German scrapes his face with the aid of water alone. At the news after this here war is over and he has razor blades, it would just naturally break his heart.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have how in the ward under your management a no account bugler. Ain't he the funniest looking gink I ever saw, with his close cropped hair, pug nose, and those two big ivories? And after I've gone you'll breathe life easier and thank the Yumping Jupiter that you're relieved of that Calamity. And you'll forget all about the crowd at Pasadena was just as enthusiastic as that at Wallace, Idaho. The two best states for volunteers in the whole Union were Utah and Oregon. I spoke ten times in the former State, and 20 in the latter, but as

speaking in all the important towns in New Mexico and Arizona. I arrived on the Pacific Coast, which I found resounding from San Diego to Port Angeles with war activities.

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WE'LL MORE THAN GET HIS GOAT YET!



WHAT THEY THINK AND DO AT HOME

A MESSAGE FROM TWENTY-FIVE STATES

By FRANK BOHN

Just before I left New York, in the middle of February, I received a letter from Colonel Clement Sullivan, late of the Confederate Army. Colonel Sullivan commanded the rear guard brigade of Lee's army on the retreat from Richmond.

After the surrender at Appomattox, Col. Sullivan, who was one of the most devoted followers of his great leader, served as private secretary to Lee, sharing his quarters in Richmond. Living now in a quiet, beautiful town on the eastern shore of Maryland, the Colonel's 70 years have affected neither his ability to think nor his capacity to feel deeply and passionately in a cause which inspires his devotion.

"This war arises from one of the greatest and most sacred of causes," the Colonel wrote me, "in which men have ever borne arms. It may last five years and we must plan to place an Army of five millions of men in Europe. How great a regret it is to me that my advanced age prevents me from again drawing my sword, this time for the United States of the world, on the frontier of France!"

A Nation With One Voice

So speaks America—every section and every State. Since the declaration of war I have traveled 2500 miles through the U. S. A., going into nearly 30 States, and speaking publicly nearly 200 times on the issues of the war.

In a desert town in west Texas, a shrewd old citizen came up to me one day after my lecture and said he wished to speak with me on a matter of great secrecy and confidence. When we were quite alone he gave me a piercing look out of his shrewd eyes and said:

"Go ahead," said I. "The whole world wants to hear."

"Shoot the Kaiser at long range. I'm the best marksman in west Texas," said he, "and I can get the Kaiser at a mile with my 30-40. If you fellows can get me that near to the old cuss, I'll do the rest. I'm willing to take a chance."

"The trouble would be," said I, "to move you and your 30-40 up to within a mile of his ribs. If you can figure that out, too, and pull off the job, I'll guarantee you a national fund that will buy you the best cattle ranch in west Texas."

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nearly all the volunteering had been done before I got there, I didn't succeed in doing any bar.

One thing impressed me above all else among the crowds of farmers, lumber men and miners—all the women and girls came to the meetings doing their knitting, and I spoke to the tune of the clicking needles. They all seemed to be happy to be doing something personal and direct. Judging by the number I saw on the job, all the far-western men in the service here should have four sweaters and ten scarves.

Slowly but surely, the determined spirit of the Revolution and the Civil War is laying hold of the mind and soul of America.

In a small town in the valley of Virginia, a United States Senator, who is known to be against the war, was scheduled to speak at a Chautauque in September. When the citizens heard that he was coming they held a meeting of protest. Being sent to take his place I found one of the most enthusiastic crowds I have ever faced. In his remarks preceding my address, an old citizen declared that Virginia was prepared to do as much in this war as she did when Lee and Jackson led her soldiers.

Let every soldier now in France get this fact firmly and finally fixed in his mind—our country will see this war through at any sacrifice. You will never go home until victory is ours—complete victory—with our Army, and those of our long suffering and heroic Allies, camping in the streets of Berlin.

Just One Thing to Think About

During the 25,000 miles I traveled in America I found everywhere the rush and hurry of war preparations—building ships, making munitions, growing crops, making clothes, all for the war—as though there were nothing else in the world to think of but beating Germany. But when I wound up my trip and sat down to think it all over, the first conclusion I came to was this:

Those folks back home, boys, the common people of America, the farmers, the coal miners, the people that do America's work and are never heard of outside of their own community, are about the finest outfit in the history